

The Eagles of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON revived the ancient symbol of the Caesars. The Napoleonic eagle itself was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a brass block three inches square, and weighed 3½ pounds. Modern colors are as nothing compared to the old ones, as difficult to hide as the big drum.

When a Girl Marries

Jim Gets Up a Full Dress Party and Anne Balks at Wearing the Blue Robe Belonging to Tom Mason

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER CXXVII.

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IGNORING Tom Mason's whisper, "Didn't I tell you to count on me when you needed a friend?" and spoke, parrot fashion, the words I knew Jim wanted me to say.

"We're tremendously grateful to you for believing in Jim, and his tip—and for standing by." Then I added, praying that it might produce at least part of the effect I wanted to get. "But, of course, what really counts is the splendid proof you're just given Jim of your loyalty to him."

"And to you," added Tom Mason, bowing low over my hand as if he were going to kiss it. He straightened up without touching it, however, and added, "Now I'll be making a dive for the Rochambeau, Jimmie, to get a table—let's see—for how many?"

Jim counted them off: "We three and my sisters, Evvy and Sheldon, Doris, and her brother, Fred Harper—and anyone else you say."

"Oh, that'll do all right," replied Tom. "There may be one or two we've forgotten, but he can't tend to them later. Ten's a nice, jolly party. Of course, we'll have it a dress affair."

"Of course," echoed Jim, absent-mindedly. "You run along and reserve the table, and I'll get after the bunch on the 'phone."

"Wait a minute," I ventured. "Is the party tonight?"

"Well, rather," retorted Jim quickly. "A birthday's a birthday—you don't celebrate a week later."

"It's such short notice—let's have it informal—just afternoon dresses for the girls," I suggested lightly, to cover my own trepidation, since I had no evening dress.

"Oh, no—that wouldn't be a bang-up party at all!" protested Tom. "Jim nodded agreement. So I had to explain my predicament."

No Evening Dress.

"Well—since you will force a woman's secrets from her, I must confess that I haven't an evening dress. We were married in such a hurry, and I haven't needed a formal dress since. So you'll have to modify the party to suit the hosts, I'm afraid."

"Why that's easy. You have just the thing, if you'll only use it any way you like," replied Tom Mason, with elaborate carelessness. "Just take that old blue robe and put a stitch here and there and drape a bit of tulle over it and you'll have the sort of thing all the girls are wearing."

"Sure—rig yourself up, agreed Jim with his mind not on me at all. "Order the table for seven—thirty, Tom—that'll give us plenty of time to get the bunch together."

"Right. And, Jimmie, thanks again for the way you let me into a tidy little fortune. Look your prettiest, Mrs. Millionaire-to-be. The old blue robe's yours for the taking—and if you don't want to think of it as a present, why, just reflect that Jimmie's paid for it about a thousand times over today! See you later, folks!"

And Tom Mason took his departure. "Now to call Jeanie," chuckled

Jim, in great glee. "Jingo!—when I tell her that Jimmie-boy's rich won't the dear old girl be tickled silly?"

Then the phone absorbed Jim. I went over to the window and began twisting one of the apricot silk curtains into a little rope, letting it swing free again. Jim's voice rumbled on—now persuading, now ejaculating, now exulting, now chuckling. I heard him give number after number—heard, but didn't attend.

Suddenly he turned from the telephone for a second and said: "Better get after that blue thing—umajig, girly, and whip it into shape. Every one's accepting, basking, dates and everything to come. I had to chase Jeanie all over town, but I got her at last. Lunching with Sheldon at Carlier's—lunching at four—Shelly's got it bad! Now run along and get ready to be the beauty of your own party. Go to it, Anne!"

The Duplicate Keys.

Dully I went over to the carved chest and lifted the lid. There lay the robe of shot silk—winking up at me in a malicious glitter of blue and green and silver. It seemed to say:

"Well, I've conquered at last—you have to wear me."

I lifted it in my arms—and as I did so, the jeweled girdle caught and held. I gave a little jerk—and something clicked. Then smoothly

and evenly, as if I had performed a magic rite, the false bottom slid up, and the secret compartment of the chest lay open. I had unconsciously manipulated the spring. And on the bottom of the chest I saw the keys—the duplicate keys that Tom Mason had flung there after the night he used them to effect an entrance to our apartment.

A picture of Evvy twirling those keys on her finger and smiling knowingly came to me.

I flung the dress into the secret compartment and banged the secret lid down over it. I had no idea how to open it again. I couldn't wear the blue robe now if I would!

I cried, trying to keep the exultation out of my voice: "Jim—I can't wear that blue robe! It's down in the bottom of the chest—in the secret part—and I can't work the spring that opens it."

Jim didn't answer—but a moment later he called an abrupt "good-by!" hung up the receiver and hurried over to fumble with the chest. It didn't yield. After five minutes he straightened up with crimson face.

"I believe you did it purposely!" "I did!" I confessed quietly.

"Indeed! And now may I question what extremely clever thing you plan to do next? That dinner of mine happens to be a full-dress affair. What are you going to do about it?"

(To Be Continued.)

Why Children Do Not Sing

TEACHING IS FAR TOO MECHANICAL

By Dr. William McKeever,

One of the Nation's Best-Known Sociological Writers.

CHILDREN are natural warblers. Scarcely one among them but joins happily in any musical chorus whenever a song of true child life and spirit is sung. I have never known of a non-singing child in any kindergarten school.

But, go into the sixth, seventh, or eighth grades, or even the high school, and what do you find? Never more than half of them singing; sometimes one-fourth, and the others sitting outside of the game laughing at the singers.

What is the matter? I will tell you. The music is spoiled by the teachers and the dull textbooks on music. What ought to be a joyous expression of feeling, a happy outburst of the soul in the soul, is reduced to a hard grind of getting a lesson. Mechanism in the music class room is the destroyer of the fine element of music in the life of many a promising young sweet singer.

The finer the art the harder it is to force it out of the life of a child as a mere "recitation." You must coax it out. Children should never be taught a line of note reading or any of the other mechanics of the musical art till they have learned to sing by ear; that is, by imitation of the tones and the song as they hear others voicing them, and by imitating their voices to harmonize and blend with the others.

Sometimes the breathing seems almost to cease.

Fainting is a condition of common occurrence and is usually not of serious import. It must be distinguished from shock, in which the patient is more or less conscious and has been subjected to some injury.

In treating a person who has fainted, place him in a recumbent position with the head low. If expedient, place the patient in such a position that the head will be lower than the body, as this will favor the flow of blood into the brain, which is temporarily anemic. Loosen tight garments and insure a supply of fresh air.

It is not usually necessary to employ ammonia inhalations, but if nature does not promptly assert herself after the application of the simple measures suggested, such measures may be resorted to by moistening a handkerchief with ammonia and holding it near the face. If held too close it may irritate the air passages or the skin of the face. The greatest care must also be taken to avoid dropping any in the eyes of the patient.

Frictions may be applied to the limbs and alcoholic stimulants may be employed with which to bathe the head and face, but water should not be dashed in the face nor other rough methods practiced.

In prolonged or otherwise serious faints the injection of stimulants may be required on the part of the physician, especially in those cases associated with heart disease, mustard plaster over the heart and artificial respiration are other measures sometimes resorted to.

When the patient has been restored he should rest until the heart action and circulation are normal.

a word about mechanics. Children must learn to love vocal music through actual singing, and must be brought to the point of enthusiastic desire to know more about this fine art. Then, you may introduce some of your do-ra-me, la-si-so stuff.

I find that not a few boys are actually indifferent during the singing exercise in their classroom. They whisper, make fun of the singers, turn the lesson into a joke, and spend the period in an attitude of disrespect for the exercise and of opposition to the authority of the teacher.

Chorus singing is a great civilizing influence. There are men like Homer Rodaheaver, who can actually sing people into a confession of their sins and a self-correction of their faults. I wish every teacher of schoolroom singing would go to school to Rodaheaver. He teaches no technique. He sings from the heart, appeals to the heart and sympathy of the audience, praises their effort, introduces songs that thrill the soul with love and tenderness. Nobodies can resist such a magic influence.

Pity the teacher who kills a fine art by reducing it to a mechanical plane.

Discretion the Better Part.

Two soldiers, one an American and the other an Irishman, were talking about their battle experiences. "Mick," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?" "I was," said the Mick.

"Did you run, too?" "I did," said Mick, "and the man that did not run is there yet!"

Poor Ma Spends Her Life Picking Up Things After People and Never Gets Any Credit

By FONTAINE FOX.



What Causes Fainting

By Brice Belden, M. D.

A FAINT is a state of suspended animation associated with a lessening of the blood supply to the brain, and attended by unconsciousness, due to sudden enfeeblement of the action of the heart.

Fainting may be caused by excessive emotional excitement, pain, indigestion, exhaustion, vitiated air, hemorrhage, and heart affections of either organic or functional character. Members of certain families seem predisposed to faint very easily, but they are usually victims of well-meant but demoralizing suggestion and of example.

Unconsciousness may last from a few seconds to half an hour or more. During this stage the pulse is very weak and the respirations shallow. Sometimes the breathing seems almost to cease.

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A friend of Lord Rosebery once asked him, "What is memory?" "Memory," Lord Rosebery replied, "memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories!"

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I was wounded in France and sent home as a casual. On arriving in camp I met an old soldier who told me a sweetest was going with a slacker whom I do not like. On talking to him, I found this was true, and that she does not love me any more. I hate to leave her, for I love her. Please advise me what to do.

I am sorry that your sweetheart shows such poor taste as to prefer a slacker to a man who has been wounded in the service of his country and the world. If she has really ceased to care for you, I think in time you will grow to regard this as a providential deliverance, because you will be free to marry a better woman, and you, my dear soldier boy, are deserving of better things. Why not make one last effort to talk things over with her before deciding on your course of action, and if you are convinced she is fickle, try and forget your unfortunate experience.

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Advice to the Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

ONCE upon a time, Puss Junior, sitting himself down to write a letter to his mother, wrote:

"Pumpkin-Eater, I came to a very funny sort of a house. It was almost as queer as the one which Peter is making out of younger pumpkins. The only difference being that this house was made out of an old shoe, and was crowded full of children, while yours, Mrs. Peter, will hold only you."

"The Shoe House I was just telling you about," continued Puss Junior, "was owned by the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe; and she had so many children she didn't know what to do. Why the shoe actually pinched, it was so crowded, and by the time the Old Woman got the last child to bed it was time to take up the first one for breakfast."

"Then there must have been one child always in bed," said little Tom Thumb, with a laugh.

"I don't remember exactly," said Puss Junior, reflectively, "you see, it was some years ago, and I've had so many adventures since then that my recollection is a little hazy. At any rate, I do remember playing tag with the children, and there were so many of them that after a while I had to climb a tree to avoid being squeezed nearly to death. By and by they promised to let me alone, so I came down, and then the Old Woman brought out some very nice broth and we all had a feast."

Just then Peter called out, "Come over and see what I've done." So Mrs. Peter, with Puss and Tom, went over to the pumpkin. It certainly looked as though Peter knew something about building a house. He had hollowed out the inside of the pumpkin into four very nice rooms and had made a little stairway leading up to the second floor. It was, in fact, just like any small house, only that it was made out of pumpkin instead of boards.

Perhaps it was all the prettier for this very reason, for the yellow color of the pumpkin made a pretty tint for the walls and ceiling, and also for the floor. Peter ever earned enough money to pay for it. "All I need now is a chimney," said Peter, "and then Mrs. Peter can choose the furniture and other things!" And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

(Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

(To Be Continued.)

When boiling clothes, place an unpeeled lemon, cut into slices, in the copper with the clothes to boil. This will remove all stains and make the clothes beautifully white.

Enjoy Present Pleasures So as Not to Injure Those to Follow



At Home with Famous Stars

Here Are Geraldine Farrar, the Prima Donna, and Lou Tellegen, Her Accomplished Husband, at Their New York Fireside



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the sailing, in 1850, of the relief expedition financed by Henry Grinnell to find the Arctic explorer Sir John Franklin. Grinnell sent a second expedition in 1852 and did all he could with the British searchers to discover the fate of Sir John. The fact of Franklin's death was not proved, however, until 1859.

"The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Neeland and Captain Sengoun Flirt With Fifi and Nini, Who Startle Them With Intimate Facts.

"You brought the Yellow Devil into Europe, M'sieu Nilan! Erik, the Yellow Demon. When he travels there is unrest. Where he rests there is war."

"You're very clever," retorted Neeland, quite out of countenance. "Yes, we are," said Fifi, with her quick smile. "And who but M'sieu Nilan should admit it?"

"Very clever," repeated Neeland, still amazed and profoundly uneasy. "But this Yellow Devil you say I brought into Europe must have been resting in America, then. And, if so, why is there no war there?"

"There would have been—with Mexico. You brought the Yellow Devil here, but just in time!"

"All right, grant that, then. But—perhaps he was a long time resting in America. What about that, pretty gipsy?"

The girl shrugged again: "Fought Many Wars."

"Is your memory so poor, M'sieur Nilan? What has your country done but fight since Erik rested among your people? You fought in Samoa; in Hawaii; your warships went to Chile, to Brazil, to San Domingo; the blood of your soldiers and sailors was shed in Hayti, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in China!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Neeland. "That girl is dead right!"

Sengoun threw back his handsome head and laughed without restraint; and the gipsies laughed, too, their beautiful eyes an dteeth flashing under their black cascades of unbound hair.

"Show me your palms," said Nini, and drows Sengoun's and Neeland's hands across the table, holding them in both of hers.

"See," she added, nudging Fifi with her shoulder, "both of them born under the Dark Star! It is war they shall live to see—war!"

"Under the Dark Star, Erik," repeated the other girl, looking closely into the two palms, "and there is war there!"

"And death?" inquired Sengoun gaily. "I don't care, if I can lead a satnia up Ach-Baba and twist the gut of the Padisha before I say Fidi-Nini!"

The gipsies searched his palm with intent and brilliant gaze. "Zut!" said Fifi. "Je ne vois rien que d'amour et la guerre aux dames!"

"Ten fois plus!" laughed Sengoun. "I ask no further favor of Fortune; I'll manage my regiment myself. And, listen to me, Fifi, added with a frightful frown, 'if the way you predict doesn't arrive, I'll come back and beat you as though you were married to a Turk!'"

While they still explored his palm, whispering together at intervals, Sengoun caught the chorus of the air which the orchestra was playing, and sang it lustily and with intense pleasure to himself.

Knew All His Affairs.

Neeland, unquiet to discover how much these casual strangers knew about his own and intimate affairs, had become silent and almost glum.

But the slight gloom which invaded him came from resentment toward those people who had followed him from Brookhollow to Paris, and who, in the very moment of victory, had snatched that satisfaction from him.

He thought of Keatner and of Breslau—of Scheherazade, and the terrible episode in her statement. Except that he had seized the box in the Brookhollow house, there was nothing in his subsequent conduct on which he could plume himself. He could not congratulate himself on his wisdom; sheer luck had carried him through as far as the rue Soleil d'Or—mere chance, and that capricious fortune which sometimes conveys the stupid, fatuous, and astigmatic.

Then he thought of Rue Carew. And, in his bosom, an intense desire to distinguish himself began to burn.

If there were any way on earth to trace that accursed box—

He turned abruptly and looked at the two gipsies, who had relinquished Sengoun's hand and who were still conversing together in low tones while Sengoun beat time on the jingling table too and sang joyously at the top of his baritone voice:

"Eh, zoum—zoum—zoum! Boum—boum—boum! Here's to the Artillery Gaily riding by! Fetch me a distillery! Let me drink it dry! Fill me full ofillery! Here's to the artillery! Zoum—zoum—zoum! Boum—boum—boum!"

"Fifi!"

"M'sieu! You're so clever! Where is that Yellow Devil now?"

On Way to Berlin.

"Touff!" giggled Fifi. "On its way to Berlin, pardie!"

"That's easy to say. Tell me something else more expensive."

Nini said, surprised: "What we know is free to Prince Erik's friend! Did you think we sell to Russians?"

"I don't know anything about you or where you get your information," said Neeland, "suppose you're in the secret service of the Russian government?"

"Mon ami, Nilan," said Fifi, smiling, "we should feel lonely outside the secret service. Few in Europe are outside—few in the world, fewer in the half-world. As for us Tziganes, who belong to neither, the business of everybody becomes our secret to sell for a silver piece—but not to Russians in the moment of peril! * * * Nor to their comrades * * * What do you desire to know, comrade?"

"Anything," he said simply, "that might help me to regain what I have lost."

And what do you suppose?" exclaimed Fifi, opening her magnificent black eyes very wide. "Did you imagine that nobody was paying any attention to what happened in the rue Soleil d'Or this noon?"

Nini laughed. "The words flew as fast as the robber's taxicab. How many thousands of secret friends to the Triple Entente did you suppose knew of it half an hour after it happened?"

From the Prozedero to Montparnasse, from the Point du Jour to Charenton, from the Bois to the Bievre, the word flew. Every taxicab, omnibus, sapin, every batman-mouche, every train that left any terminal was watched.

"Five embassies and legations were instantly under redoubled surveillance; hundreds of cafes, bars, restaurants, hotels; all the theaters, gardens, cabarets, brasseries. Your pigs of Apaches are not neglected, va! But, to my idea, they got out of Paris before we watchers knew of the affair at all—in an automobile, perhaps—perhaps by train. God knows!"

"But if we ever lay our eyes on Minna Minti, we wear toys in our garters which will certainly persuade her to take a little stroll with us."

After a silence, Neeland said: "Minna Minti then so well known?"

"Not at the Opera Comique," replied Fifi with a shrug, "but since then."

"An actress, that woman?" added Nini. "Why deny it? It appears that she has twisted more than one red button out of a broadcloth coat."

"She'll get the Seraglio medal for this day's work," said Fifi. "Or the croix-de-fer," added Nini. "Ah, zut! She annoys me."

"Did you ever hear of a place called the Cafe des Bulgars?" asked Neeland, carelessly.

"Yes."

"What sort of place is it?"

"Quite respectable."

"Perfectly," said Nini, smiling. "One drinks good beer there."

"Munich beer," added Fifi. "Then it is watched?" asked Neeland.

"All German cafes are watched. Otherwise, it is not suspected."

Sengoun, who had been listening, shook his head. "There's nothing to interest us at the Cafe des Bulgars," he said. Then he summoned a waiter and pointed tragically at the empty goblets.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Cafe Des Bulgars.

Their adieux to Fifi and Nini were elaborate and complicated by bursts of laughter. The Tziganes recommended Captain Sengoun to go home and seek further adventures on his pillow, and had it not been for the gable of the fountain and the persistent perfume of flowers, he might have followed their advice.

It was after the two young men had left the Jardin Reuss that Captain Sengoun, postively but affectionately refused to relinquish possession of Neeland's arm.

"Dear friend," he explained, "I am just waking up, and I do not wish to go to bed for days and days."

"But I do," returned Neeland, laughing. "Where do you want to go now, Prince Erik?"

The champagne was singing loudly in the Cossack's handsome head; the distant brilliancy beyond the Place de la Concorde riveted his roving eyes.

"Over there," he said, joyously. "Listen, old fellow! I'll teach you the secret. As we cross the Place! Then, in the first Bal you shall try it on the fairest form since Helen fell and Troy burned—it's all the same, old fellow—what you call fifty-fifty, eh?"

Neeland tried to free his arm—to excuse himself; two policemen laughed, but Sengoun, lifting his arm more firmly in Neeland's crossed the Place in a series of Dutch rolls and outer edges, in which Neeland was compelled to join. The Russian was as light and graceful on his feet as one of the dancers of his own country; Neeland's knowledge of skating aided his own less agile steps. There was sympathetic applause from passing taxis and flares, and they might, apparently, have had any number of fair partners for the asking, along the way, except for Sengoun's long dive toward the brightest of the boulevard lights beyond.

A Show of Dignity.

In the rue Royal, however, Sengoun desisted with sudden access of dignity, remarking that such gambols were not worthy of the best traditions of his embassy, and he attempted to bribe the drivers of a couple of hansom cabs to permit him and his comrade to take the reins and race to the Arc de Triomphe.

Failing in this, he became profusely autobiographical, informing Neeland of his birth, education, aims, aspirations.

"When I was twelve," he said, "I had known already the happiness of the battle-shock against Kurd, Monzul, and Tartar. At eighteen my ambition